



Rock Bottom by [myshoesarecrocs](#)

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Summary: She knew on the first day he was trouble, but then again, back then, so was she. Billy/OC

Rock Bottom

It's true what they say: Hawkins never changes. Sure there were new shops and new neighborhoods, but the people and the atmosphere stayed the same. She'd been gone for twenty years, but the people of Hawkins seemed as though they still thought it was 1984.

It made her want to throw up.

So why, pray tell, did someone who despised Hawkins so much decide to come back? Only one reason could ever make someone want to return to a place like that: the love of their life. She hadn't seen him once in those twenty years she'd been absent, so naturally her stomach twisted as she made her way down the street.

The proper women of Hawkins glanced at her over their sunglasses, no doubt disapproving her decision to openly carry a six pack of beer, and a plastic grocery bag with a pack of cigarettes in the crook of her elbow. Not that she cared, she'd never been a "proper lady", which was probably why she'd never called Hawkins home.

It was a nice day. The sun was high in the sky, but it was cool, the fall season upon them. Wind rustled golden strands of hair behind her shoulders. It was going to be the perfect day, just her and him.

When she finally arrived at her destination, she took a deep breath and pushed open the wrought iron gate in front of her. Gazing out among the headstones, she set forth to find the one she'd come to visit.

Hawkins Cemetery was about as depressing as it sounded. Headstones lined the walkways on either side of her, silently casting shadows across the ground. It was as though no sound made it through the gate at the entrance, no life existing inside the fence.

When she finally found him, she smiled sadly, squatting down to brush the dust from his name. It was apparent no one else had visited in those twenty years, either.

Billy Hargrove.

What a piece of work, that boy. It was no surprise that no one had visited him. He wasn't exactly the most personal man. In fact, he was about as friendly as a cat stuck in a trap, but to her, he showed his soft side.

Yes, you heard it here folks, Billy Hargrove had a soft side, and even though he showed it as rarely as McDonald's getting your order right on the first try, it was there. Billy, for all his pride and arrogance, was actually a very broken human being. Perhaps that was the reason she'd found solace in him.

She plopped down in front of his headstone, propping the six pack up next to it, and placed the carton of cigarettes on top of them. All Billy's favorites. Crossing her legs, she rested her elbows on her knees and slouched forward, saying, "Hey Billy, it's been a while."

She paused, as if waiting for him to comment back. Part of her stupidly wished he would somehow. After twenty years, the thought of him being gone still hadn't gotten any easier.

"I live in Wisconsin now, isn't that some bullshit?" She asked, "I really like it there, but it's probably the last place I would have picked. I'm sure you're rolling in your grave down there."

Again she paused, trying to think of what to say. Finally she decided to explain what she'd been up to those twenty years. She'd gotten married, had two kids, bought a house, the real American dream. She really couldn't complain about her life up to now. She loved her husband, she really did, but nothing could compare to the first love she'd ever known.

The sun was lower in the sky when she was finished, and she sat in silence for a bit. The heaviness in her chest only got heavier, and she wrapped her arms around her shoulders, "I really miss you, Billy."

Her words hung in the air, and she nestled her chin in her arms before her. Memories of him played through her mind, pulling her lips into a smile, "Remember Senior year? I hated you when I first met you."

It was true, she dreaded each day coming to class and having to sit

next to him. She knew on the first day he was trouble, but then again, back then, so was she.

Emily Hauser was undeniably a military brat. Her father had moved around the world with their family so many times, she barely knew where she was from anymore. When he said they were moving to Hawkins, Indiana, she'd been anything but excited. Out of all the places in the world they'd been, they were going to Hawkins? Indiana? Really? But a moody seventeen year old wasn't about to change the U.S. Military's mind, so she'd reluctantly packed her bags and moved from hustle bustle Australia, to little Hawkins, Indiana.

It was about as much as she expected. Small, boring, fake. Perfect houses lining perfect streets, filled with people pretending to be perfect. It made her sick.

Hawkins High School had just come back from their winter break, January 1984. The school wasn't much, but it was nicer than she thought it was going to be. The office attendant walked her to her new classroom after the second bell rang, and she waited outside the room for her to tell the homeroom teacher. When she came out, she said, "Okay, you can go in."

Emily sighed, wishing she could have just been told where to sit, but apparently that's not the Hawkins way. With a fake smile plastered on her face, she listened to the teacher, a guy with a slick brown combover and pedo mustache, introduce her to the class. They looked about as thrilled as she was.

"Emily's father is in the military, so they've traveled all over the world!" He said excitedly, and then turned to her, "We hope to see you stay in Hawkins for a long time, Ms. Hauser."

"Me too." She lied.

"Alright, you can take a seat in the back there, at the table with Mr. Hargrove." The teacher said, pointing to the back left of the room.

Her sapphire eyes followed his outstretched hand to the sight of a boy with his feet propped up on the table. Long, curly light hair hung

to his shoulders, and equally blue eyes met hers. Something in his gaze pulled her in, as if hypnotized by his bored demeanor.

That was the first time she'd ever laid eyes on Billy Hargrove.

She made her way to the back, catching what she felt were daggers from the other girls in class. Coming to a stop, she peered down at his feet still on her side of the table, and said, "You gonna move or what?"

He looked slightly surprised, and then let his feet loudly slap the floor, arrogantly adjusting in his seat. Emily sat down next to him, placing her backpack against the leg of the table. Class continued on the rest of the day, and no matter which room she changed to for each subject, she somehow managed to be seated next to him.

The first day of school ended without incident, and then the second. Billy didn't say a word to her those two days, looking actually annoyed that she was sitting next to him. As if she'd invaded his space. He liked to sleep during those classes, and when they came back from breaks, she could smell cigarette smoke on him. The girls would fall all over him in the hallways, and he'd stop to talk to each one, leaning an arm on their locker and telling them how pretty they were. And they just ate it up, like he actually meant it. He was the classic playboy, who was never going anywhere in life outside of Hawkins. He may be pretty now, but eventually that would run out and he'd reluctantly get married to an average looking girl just to fill the void of emptiness he'd made out of his life.

At least, that's what Emily thought.

It was the last period on her third day, and they were in history class, when she heard him speak for the first time. Leaning over, he whispered, "So did your dad ever kill anyone?"

She glanced at him out of the corner of her eye, wondering if she'd really heard what she thought she heard, "What?"

"Did your dad ever kill anyone? You know, cause he's in the military."

"No my dad didn't kill anyone." She said disgustedly, "What kind of

question is that?"

Billy shrugged, "Would have been cool if he did."

Emily turned back to the teacher, doing her best to let the conversation drop. But Billy, after having his afternoon nap in math, was suddenly interested in having a conversation.

"What's your name again?"

"Emily."

"Emily huh? Name's Billy." He said, blue eyes half lidded.

She glanced at him, "I know."

"You don't say much."

"Maybe it's because we're in the middle of class." She shrugged sarcastically.

He also shrugged, leaning back in his seat, "So what?"

"Maybe some of us want to succeed in life."

He grinned, "Yeah?"

"Yeah."

"What are you doing after school?" He asked after a moment of silence.

"Going home."

"Want to hang out?"

She frowned, "Not really."

This seemed to really shock Billy, "Why not?"

"Um, maybe because I don't know you, and from what I do know about you, you're not really the person I want as company." Emily said.

He frowned, "Well you don't know anything about me, do you?"

"Nope," The bell rang, and the students jumped up before it was even done, the teacher trying, and failing, to get last announcements in. She slung her backpack on her shoulders, and looked down at him, "and I don't really want to."

She thought that was the end of it, but as she jogged down the front steps of the school, she found Billy at her side, "Are you following me?"

"Thought I'd offer you a ride home."

"I said I didn't want to hang out after school."

He grinned, "A ride home isn't really hanging out, is it?"

"In my book it is."

"Fine, but I'll get you someday."

He stopped walking next to her, and she turned her head to call back, "Keep dreaming."

She didn't know what it was about Billy, but she just didn't like him. Maybe it was because she knew exactly what his intentions were when talking to her. They were the same as every other girl in the school that had a pretty face. It wasn't hard to figure out. He seemed to have no depth other than playboy, and that just wasn't someone she wanted to associate with.

But in the coming months at Hawkins High School, she would come to find that Billy was the only real person in that entire town. And Emily, despite her better judgement, would fall for the piece of work that was Billy Hargrove.

A/N: Thanks for reading everyone! So I'm not fully finished with S3, but I had it spoiled by who I thought was my FAMILY, so here I am. Gotta show Billy some love, am I right?

Weirdly enough, I conjured up this story while listening to Rock

Bottom by Hailee Steinfeld, so shoutout to her.

I hope to see you guys next update, and I hope you all liked it. I'm a little rusty at my fanfiction skills.

Until next time!